

"Everything's Wrong With Me!" by orphan_account

Series: Mileven's Cotton Candy [2]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Depressed Eleven/Jane Hopper, F/M, It's not a fight, Mike and El being depressed and helping each other, Mileven, Protective Mike Wheeler, fight?, for sure another story of one of them being sad and helping, give it a shot man, i think, idk - Freeform, no more like disagreement

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers (mentioned)

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-08

Updated: 2018-03-08

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:20:25

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,849

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

"What's really wrong?" Mike asks, getting closer once again but El doesn't move to busy looking at the tip of her shoes, feeling guilty for lying, so he puts both hands on her forearms lovingly

she can't keep herself from saying it as she raises her gaze to him

"Me"

Mike's eyes widen and shake his head

"What? No, El there's nothing wrong with you, ok? Nothing at all"

"Liar" she mutters

"Everythings Wrong With Me!"

It was a known fact that Jane Hopper hated Nightmare

I mean who doesn't, waking up in a cold sweat having to convince yourself that everything is fine and dandy and great, when you can barley breath because your throat is so tight your pretty sure your suffocating.

But for Jane (She Preferred El) Dream't of Dr. Brenner whispering threats with his ice cold voice, saying that the innocent blood of her friends would be all over the lab if she didn't tie herself down to it and began to be an experiment again

Nights like those were the worst, especially on days That hopper works until dawn, to save up for the "New House" they'll get when she's finally able to go in public, every Thursday she spends her nights

Completely and Utterly...

Alone.

Its not like she thinks no one will come and accompany her when she's feeling so small. Its just she doesn't WANT anyone to come and accompany her, most times she feeling the a Burden to others, without her, Will wouldn't have gone to the upside-down or Nancy wouldn't have to cancel dates with Jonathan and Steve to help her study, or Hopper wouldn't have to live in the woods, Joyce and Max would't have to give some of their clothes to her, Lucas and Dustin wouldn't have to hold back their snickers for her to feel welcome and Mike wouldn't have to explain things to her or act like he likes her

Bob wouldn't be dead.

Barb wouldn't be dead.

Benny wouldn't be dead.

Because it was all her fault.

Now on top of her terrible dream she now realized how she fucked up everyones life and scarred their futures

That's great

She feels the walls Closing in on her along with it her throat

"1,2,3,4" she counts just like Hop taught her

It's not working, ITS NOT WORKING

She jumps up from the couch she fell asleep on and runs outside, and takes a very deep breath, still counting under the panting of her lungs

"5,6,7,8"

Doesn't realize she's crying till her face is smeared with droplets, head resting on the closed door as her breath havers through the tears rolling down her cheeks, nails digging into the knees of her legs, her thighs touching her chest as she sobs

"1, 2 ,3 ,4"

"5,6,7,8"

Ring through Mike Wheelers brain as he sits on the Basements couch, biting the end of his pen as he thinks for an ending of his campaign next weekend

But then he hears counting, a painful, soft voice saying each number slowly

he looks around the empty basement for the sound that's barley there, but theirs nothing

"1,2...3,4" starts the voice again, pausing in the middle for a shaken intake of oxygen

He knows the voice, of course he knows the voice he loves the voice, Its El, he smiles just thinking about her

“5,6,7,8”

But his smile falls off

“She’s crying” he whispers to himself

When a sharp sob slices through his brain, he ties his shoes on sloppily, pulls a jacket on himself, grabs his bike, and rides to the cabin as fast as he can

An experiment, that what she is, not only that but she’s a failed experiment

Jesus she can’t do anything right

Why can’t she just be normal, and read like a normal 14 year old, understand jokes and have a beautiful face, not have scars all over your body, not choke on air in closed spaces,

Not be such a waste of everyone’s time.

Because their something wrong with you

“Whats wrong with you, what is WRONG with you” Mike’s voice rings through her head

The old memories, make a sob come out of her throat as she fails to hold the tears in her eyes looking up at the porch ceiling, but even if her hand is covering her mouth the sob seeps through

Everything about her is wrong,

She squeezes her eyes shut, but tears still prickle down her face and drops the hand back on her knee

Jesus she can’t do anything right

When Mike Walks (Runs) to the cabin, leaving his bike stranded where the street ended, he stops his tracks when he hears raged

breathing followed by a few sniffles

He walks slowly towards the cabin and there sits El,

He could tell she's trying not to cry, but she's not doing a very good job, her nails digging into her acid jeans, tears falling from her cheeks to her chin to the old New York Giants T-shirt she's wearing. He hairs up in a messy ponytail, but curls seep through the side framing her puffy face.

Mikes foot crunch the leaves as he crosses the trip-wire but El doesn't notice, to caught up in keeping her breathing under control but her face crumbles again and she lets out a new sob.

It's like shooting daggers right into mike's heart, he's seen her cry before, yes, but never sobs, never that she can't control herself.

Its hurts him to see her like this.

"El." He says softly, now standing right in-front of the cabin

She opens her eyes and takes her gaze to the drive way of the small cabin to find tall, gangly Mike Wheeler himself

He looks like a mess, his hair is ruffled from biking and the striped pollo he's wearing is slanted on the right side showing the steep that his neck and shoulder connect through the unlatched buttons of the shirt, his jacket basically falling off, his shoulders along with it, the rim of his acid jeans have dirt on them too.

"Mike" she says as she stands up and wipes the tears on his face, hoping that he doesn't see them there due to the porch light, she walks down the steps meeting him face to face, a yard away from each other

"Why are you crying" he asks suddenly, his faces is screaming concern, as he takes a step forward but she takes a step back so now he's not only concerned but now he's confused and hurt

You don't deserve pity

"I...saw a sad movie, its nothing, really" Els good a lying, a god damn

professional, due to the many years of acting in the lab, but to mike.
well to mike,

he can read her like an opened book.

“You went outside to cry about a sad movie” he questions not believing her

“Needed some air” technically not a lie

“El, friends don’t lie”

Well shit

“What’s really wrong?” Mike asks, getting closer once again but el doesn’t move to busy looking at the tip of her shoes, feeling guilty for lying, so he puts both hands on her forearms lovingly

she can’t keep herself from saying it as she raises her gaze to him

“Me”

Mikes eye widen and shakes his head

“What? No, El theirs nothing wrong with you, ok? Nothing at al-“

“Liar” she mutters

“What?”

“YOUR A LIAR” she rips his arms from hers “You say theirs nothing wrong with me, mike? EVERYTHING’S WRONG WITH ME, IM A LAB EXPERIMENT AND SOMEHOW I DON’T EVEN MANAGE TO DO THAT RIGHT MIKE”

She takes a shuddered breath, realizing she was crying

“ I WASTE EVERYONE’S TIME, THE UPSIDE DOWN AND. EVERYBODY DYING IT WAS ME MIKE, ME!,” she scoffs “I mean you said it your self mike, their something wrong with me! Now we know

it's every--

She's not able to finish the sentence when to fleshy lips meet hers, and she melts into the hands holding either side of her cheeks

She taste her tears in his lips but loses the taste as he unlocks his lips from hers and pushes his head back far enough that he can look into her eyes, barley their noses are grazing each other as he cups her face

Her hazel meet his ebony ones through their eyelashes and El seeing that the salty tears she tasted weren't only hers, that mikes eye are rimed with droplets, and his eyes had a red ring

" don't ever say that again ok?" His gaze switching from one eye to the next "there is Nothing wrong with you El, your amazing and self-less and understanding" he closes his eyes and takes a breath, eye lids shutting causing tears to escape as he opens his eyes and continues "when I said...when i asked what was wrong with you El" he shakes his head softly " I didn't understand what you were doing or what was happening with you and the upside down and will, I was scared...i didn't mean it el, there is nothing. wrong. with. you."

El nods into his hands, more tears about to dip over the line

"I'm sorry" she croaks out.

He responds with a tight hug and El melts into it, tears silently streaming down both of their faces.

They stay like that for a while, until el says she's tired, he nods and goes to grab his bike but el catches his wrist and asks him to stay. With a bright blush and a few mumbles he nods again and that's how hopper finds them at dawn, limbs tied up over the small bed, underneath a thick blanket, as the pale boy spoons the curly haired girl

Hopper huffs (this is what we're dealing with now?). but taking a longer look, can't help but smile, he's never seen El look so at peace, instead of waking them up, he gets a post-it from the kitchen drawer, a pen, and scribbles a few words and sticks it to mikes forehead and walks out to get some well deserved rest.

The sunlight hits him straight in the eye, causing him to groan, as his eyes slowly blink to life.

For a second he's confused but then looks down at the girl in his arms, the sunlight hitting her halo of honey brown hair, showing off a few blond strands perfectly as they frame her face

Smiling, he holds a little tighter, until he suddenly feels something crinkle on his forehead

He takes the hand on top of El's upper waste (causing her to stir a bit) and takes a post-it off his face and reads the cursive writing

“You are so lucky you not dead wheeler, next time I see you in my daughters bed i'll make sure to clean my guns

Xoxo, Hopper :)”

Mike moans in discomfort, Hoppers definitely never going to let him live this down

Annoyed, he looks down at El, and how beautiful she looks sleeping, how she wants HIM to be with HER, how she Would do anything for him just like he would do for her

(He doesn't think about last night, nor on how El talked to him through their heads, deciding to forget for now the beginning of the night)

So he wraps his other arm around her again and both him and her snuggle into the touch.

Totally worth it.

Author's Note:

eh? Leave a comment please :)

Also let me know what you think about El maybe or maybe not hiding Mike in her room in the middle of the night while things are rough at home for him?

I don't know just a though